

# Good Morning \$80

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FRANKLIN ADAMS  
takes a preview  
of the New World  
for John and  
Jane Citizen

# WANTED— EVERYTHING

3 OCT. 1944



## Here's Shop Talk For A.B. Fred Williams

WE called at the shop in Thrale-road, Streatham, to see your parents, A.B. Frederick Arthur Williams, and saw Dad, Mum, sister Barbara and Jimmy—all of them—and they looked fine. Norman and Mick were out delivering papers. Bet has been home from the Land Army with a chill, but is all right now. Sister Joan and babies are fine, and she hopes soon to go back to her bombed home. Dad and the boys miss you having a busman's holiday,

helping with the paper rounds. Sister Barbara got hard-up and nearly sold your bike, but she decided it wouldn't fetch enough! Mum says: "We are now out of the shelter and are sleeping in the cellar among Williams's beer, and we had a grand shelter break-up party Friday night." (That must have been

a good show, and we're sorry you weren't there, Fred.) The boys have gone back to school to-day, and are jolly glad to be back. Cousin Ray is O.K. in Normandy. The folks at home all wish you the best of everything and an early return. And—of course—Mum and Dad send you their love.

### R.S.V.P.

## By Rail—With Care Goes PETER VINCENT

MAYOR REX STRANGER, of Southampton, has been snowed under with letters from women and girls wishing to correspond with lonely or friendless men in the Services since he started a "Panel of Pen Pals."

Letters are arriving at the Mayoral Parlour by every post. The writers include married women—writing, they say, with their husbands' permission!—war widows, young and middle-aged spinsters, and even schoolgirls.

Some of the Mayor's correspondents are, confessedly, seeking husbands; they describe the colour of their hair and eyes and other physical charms likely to appeal to their potential pen-pals.

Others prefer a purely platonic friendship; for instance, this forthright young lady, who writes:—

"I would be glad to write to someone who would care to hear from someone who has been nearly all over the world and likes books and music."

"I say this because it would be hopeless to get in touch with someone who only liked darts and beer; on both subjects, I am afraid, my education has been sadly neglected. And, please, not the wedding-bell type. I am far too happy being independent."

### USELESS EUSTACE



"I don't care whether you like it or not, the C.O. said you'd gotta be kept in check!"

I ASKED the driver if he'd let me ride on the engine. He said "O.K." and I got on. It was as easy as that.

Very few of us ever stop to think what a marvellous job the railways are doing. In spite of the black-out, long hours, and flying bombs, they still almost always get us there on time.

The furnace was open, and the orange glow cast shadows over the wooden floor and the

maze of machinery in the compartment. The fireman was busy shovelling coal from the bunkers.

"Got a light?" he asked. I passed him a box of matches. It was just changing from twilight to dark. We started off as the whistle blew.

At first the noise is deafening, and the smoky, joggling platform feels a bit unsafe, but that feeling soon goes. There is a smell about the place reminiscent of those childhood days when one tinkered around with a toy steam-engine. The same faintly sweet smell of steam and heat.

We went through a tunnel and came out into the starry night.

The driver pulled the valve-adjusting lever. "It's not like it used to be," he said. "The black-out makes it a job to find the stations; then we have to work longer hours now—people don't appreciate what we are up against."

Two green track lights flicked by. The platform was jolting like hell. I asked how much we were doing. "Oh, only about 30 m.p.h.," he said. "Speed is deceptive in the dark." It certainly is.

"And how quickly could you pull up in an emergency?" I asked. "Well," he said, "you'd be surprised. Even when we're doing 50 or 60 m.p.h. I can pull her up in about 300 or 350 yards. We've got a good set of brakes on her all right."

"WHAT will Peace be like?" With the end of the European war in sight people all over Britain are asking each other this question, and a clear insight into the answer would take weeks to answer.

But it is possible to give a short, concise reply to this question. Summed up very briefly, it is "Hard Work."

Few other countries will have such a mammoth task confronting them with the Peace. We shall, in Britain, need four million new houses.

It is believed that the Government will tackle this problem by allowing no private houses to be constructed during the first two years of Peace, concentrating upon small houses for letting, preferably to ex-Servicemen.

Already several London boroughs are seeking the permission of the Ministry of Health to complete blocks of flats, and houses which had to be left unfinished when building ceased after the outbreak of war. Already the Ministry has given permission in some cases.

No doubt similar plans will go ahead in other parts of the country, for the housing shortage is the greatest this country has ever known.

Robert Tarran, the distinguished Hull contractor, has

shown, and pleased critical audiences, his special pre-fabricated houses. Of varied designs, they are planned after Mr. Tarran has listened carefully to what the men and women who will have to live in them require.

He reckons he can erect 40,000 houses in double-quick time, and doesn't waste words in talking about "ideal homes."

Plastic fittings will be very prominent in the post-war home, and in the post-war world in general.

"After years of war, though, we want to enjoy ourselves," say the majority of people. They will, although everyone will be trying to get a holiday.

Except for a handful of towns, the majority of holiday towns, especially on the East and South-East coast, have suffered greatly as the result of war. Hotels will need redecorating. New stocks of bedclothes, cooking utensils—in fact, EVERYTHING—will be required.

And they will not be forthcoming at once. In fact, for at least three years after the war, few things will be anything like normal.

It is hoped that the B.B.C. will make an early start with new regional stations. The

"Home Flash" item, for instance, is very popular at the moment.

The local touch, in the past so popular, has gained in popularity since the war, for most people do not look upon London as their natural home; most have other interests they would prefer to hear about.

Regional stations will do much to cater for this huge home-loving public.

On the stage, too, foreign artists—mostly American—will make their re-appearance in this country, and the high standard we knew before the war will be restored.

But it is the ordinary people who will notice most of all the difference between the pre- and post-war world.

There will be less convention about clothes, although, in the writer's opinion, far fewer women will wear "slacks" than during the war years. When the men return they will expect to find women—not girls trying to become duplicates of themselves!—and before long the fashionable creatures we knew before the war will again make their appearance.

On the food front dehydration will be very prominent in the early months of Peace, although, when things begin to return to normal, and the flow of supplies reaches Britain as in 1939, it is doubtful whether dehydration will be as popular.

A new method of food keeping, however, will probably make itself felt. I am referring to the "Food Banks" which have been sweeping the United States.

This system enables everyone to have his—or her—own refrigerator. A large plant is opened which specialises in freezing food. In addition to studying the needs of the local firms, they also run what are known as "Food Banks."

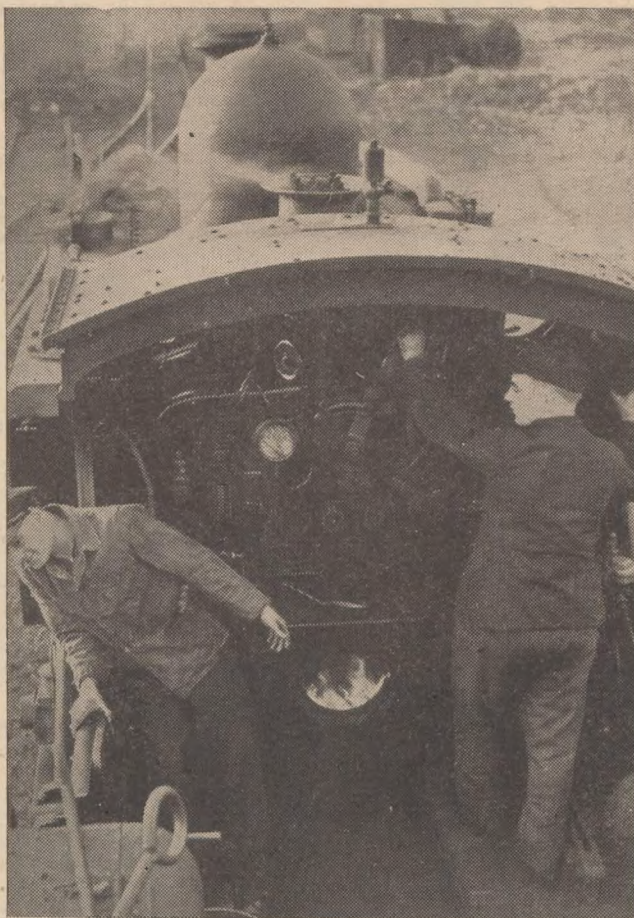
For a certain sum of money John and Jane Citizen purchase an ice-box—on hire, of course—and into this place food which they hope to keep. By buying large quantities of meat, and other foodstuffs, they save money, and by using the "Food Bank" like an ordinary bank, can draw from their locker when they want.

Experienced stewards tend the customers, advise them as to the best cuts of meat, etc., and wrap their food before it is taken from the plant.

By carefully "building their stocks" many customers have been able to eat foods long after they were out of season. It is quite likely that "Food Banks" will play a very big part in the post-war world.

In the return to peace, John and Jane Citizen will demand that science, which has played such a big part in the war, shall at once be harnessed to the "Peace Effort." Everything possible to speed Reconstruction must be done.

The Serviceman, when he returns to "civvy" street, will expect to find things more or less as they were before he went to war. He will probably be disappointed on that score, but later delighted to find that the "New World" will have much to offer him.



The fireman was getting some tea from the boiler in the corner. The moonlit countryside slid by. I watched the driver altering some levers.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "You think it's easy work."

"But it's not," he continued. "The books you have to read about these jobs fair drive you crackers; and then not every engine's the same—we drive all types, and some are a bit awkward until you get used to them."

We slowed down for a station. Red and white lights shone along the empty tracks ahead. A couple of soldiers tried to cross in front of us as we stopped. The driver waved them aside. It's dangerous at night.

"Ready, mate," said the fireman, watching the signals. As we left he started stoking the furnace. An express

train went by at about 60. "They said they'd call me up a year ago, but I'm still here," he said. "Still, I'd be doing the same job in the Army Transportation Corps, so I don't mind. That's a branch of the Royal Engineers," he added proudly.

Through the open roof we could see the green and red navigation lights of a bomber squadron moving across the sky.

Behind us, a pale stream of light from the crowded compartments jumped along the rails.

The responsibility for the safety of those passengers rested solely upon this driver. It's a very grave and often tiring burden for one man.

"Give us another cup of tea, mate," he said, coolly keeping his eyes on the tracks ahead.

We continued, jogging along through the night.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/c Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# IT DEPENDS HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

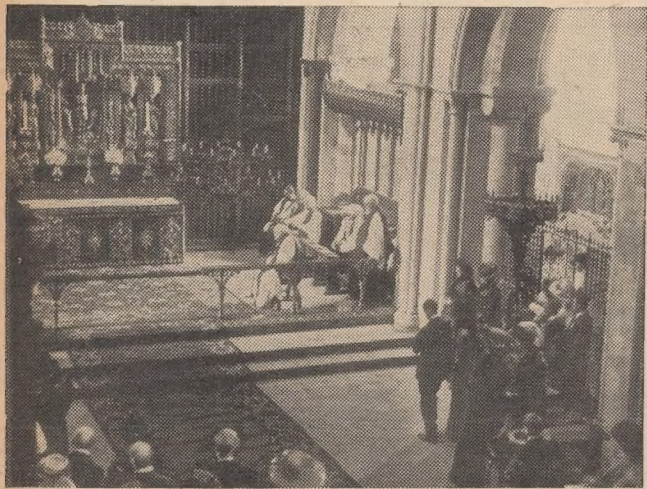
SOME years ago I visited Chichester. Impressed by the grandeur of the very fine Cathedral, I got out my box Brownie, the first camera I had owned, and "shot" the scene. I could not have done the edifice a greater injustice had I used a cannon, for the result was an unstable, distorted, uninteresting print. I have since done pilgrimage to this place of worship to offer penance for my misdeed and to obtain a more accurate and, I trust, more artistic reproduction.

At first glance the photographing of a building appears to be a simple task; indeed, in many respects it is. The structure remains unmoved during lengthy exposures, lighting is simple so long as the right time of day is chosen, and there should be no troubles regarding subject contrast.

Difficulties do exist, however, though most of them can be overcome by taking heed of a few straightforward rules.

The best viewpoint for a rectangular building is nor-

A dedication service in Chichester Cathedral. Note the angle chosen by the photographer.



## Derek Richards' Photo-Feature

mally between the square frontal view and the exact corner arc. The former gives an uninteresting symmetry and the latter a sharp angular effect.

A view along an aisle inside a church will be improved if taken from one side, though still pointing directly down the aisle.

The most common fault in all branches of architectural photography is the boggy of converging verticals. This distortion, brought about by tilting the camera, can only be remedied by avoiding this temptation.

A good rising front will enable you to photograph steeples and similar subjects from any normal viewpoint with the camera on the level. It is unfortunate, however, that few general-purpose cameras have this adjustment.

For buildings, as for most subjects, ample exposure is the rule. An exposure meter is

valuable, and for interiors is almost essential.

So long as you have a sturdy tripod, you need never be afraid of stopping down your lens and giving lengthy exposures. A wire shutter release is worth the outlay of a couple of shillings.

If you are using a plate camera and intend to take interiors, make sure your plates are anti-halation backed. Modern roll films are pretty well immune from halo troubles.

Few people would think of photographing the lower half of Nelson's Column, leaving the respected Naval gentleman out of the picture, but many photographers avoid the difficulty of including the whole of such structures by using only the upper half.

One crime is as bad as the other, for the latter truncated effort gives a feeling of great instability. Include the whole—or go find yourself a little column to photograph!

A further point regarding stability is the inclusion of sufficient foreground. Don't perch a cathedral on a piece of earth only a foot larger than the base of the building.

The artistry of Wren and his colleagues was not, it will be agreed, devoted to satisfying the wishes of the camera-fan who swings from a beam to get his picture.

Their works were designed to be viewed by normal bipeds strolling in the vicinity. For this reason the normal viewpoint usually gives the best results, and the unusual standpoint invariably gives unnatural ones.

If you should fancy this line of photography as a hobby (and a very fine one it is), I think you would be best suited by a camera with the old square bellows type, with front and back focusing, a swing back, a good tilting table for telephoto work, and, of course, the rising front.

My favourite camera for this work is one, as described above, with a four-inch lens that will work at F/6.3 on a quarter plate. An enthusiast would require a wider-angle lens as well as a long-focus one.

# HI, LEAVE THAT GATE—NOT BESS!

## Fred Kitchen tells this story

SHEP has always maintained that Bess knows exactly what is required of her, and is incapable of making mistakes—which assertion has caused some flow of wit between him and Bill.

Shep says the laugh is on Bill. Bill retorts good-humouredly that Bess is not so well trained as Shep says.

It happened one afternoon a few weeks ago.

Bill was carting sugar beet, and his route lay across the turnip field where Shep had his sheep folded.

This meant having to open and close the gate on each journey, which didn't trouble Bill unduly. But Shep, always obliging, thought it a waste of time.

"Leave it open, Bill," he called across, "I'll soon remedy that."

Calling on Bess to follow, he walked across to the gate. He placed an empty sack by the gatepost for Bess's comfort, told her to "lie down," and went back to his sheep.

It saved Bill any further stopping to open and shut the gate, and all went well until Shep was ready to go home.

Bill hadn't quite filled his last load of beet, so Shep obligingly hollered across for him to "bring Bess along when yer come."

Bess is easily snubbed, and, being intelligent, is

naturally sensitive, so when Shep came across to the gate she thought her vigil was ended and came dancing around, eager to be going home.

"Lie down!" said Shep, a second time, and poor Bess—disappointed at having a further spell of watching—crept back to her post and sat watching her master's retreating figure with a wistful gaze.

Presently, along came Bill, and, drawing through the gateway, stopped his team to call Bess.

She just lay back her ears and grinned affectionately up at him.

(Bess, by the way, greets everyone on the farm with an affectionate grin, though her shining white teeth might have a different meaning to a stranger.)

Bill patted her head, saying "Come on, Bess," and Bess wriggled on her sack, wagged her tail, and whimpered, as though trying to explain the difficulties of her position, but leave her post by the gate, no!

It was no use coaxing Bess, so Bill left her guarding the closed gate and went home.

"Well I niver!" exclaimed old Shep, "you couldn't bring ole Bess along?"

He walked to the stackyard gate. It looked a long walk in the gathering dusk—across

the cow pasture, and then another field—to where Bess was watching by the turnip field gate.

Would she hear him all that distance? He put two fingers in his mouth and gave a long shrill whistle. He listened...

Out of the dusk came an excited "yap-yap," and in less than a minute Bess was jumping around his legs, glad that her dreary watch was over.

"Tha soft owd fool, lass!" he said affectionately, while Bess, now sobered down, looked up as though to say "Sorry, but you told me twice to lie down."

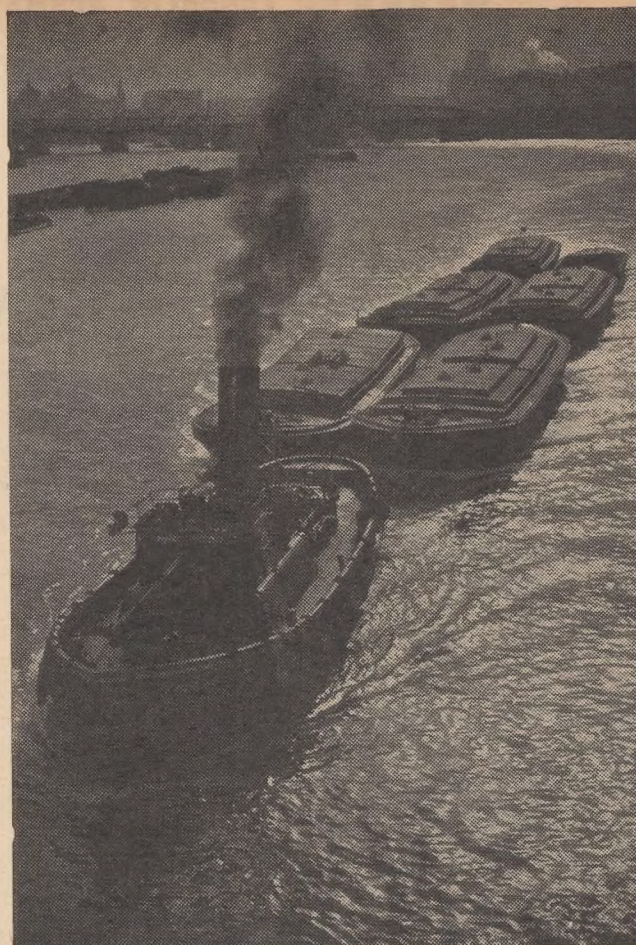
A slight misunderstanding on Bess's part, which caused a whole week of "back-chat" between Shep and Bill.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

Thomas Carlyle.

When is man strong until he feels alone?

Robert Browning.



## L'APRES MIDI OF A THAMES TUG.

Under Kingston Bridge the Mums were wheeling their babies in Canbery Gardens as the train of lighters bumped behind their tug out into the stream...

Long-legged hoydens, with their skimpy dresses tucked into blue bloomers, paddled in the wash set up as they rounded the sweep below Richmond Hill...

Off Chiswick Mall the "eights" were out; and passing under Hammersmith Bridge, two urchins stuck their cropped heads through the fretted ironwork and aimed hard to spit down the smoke-stack.

Past the old gasholders and the new power stations to Vauxhall; then, the fine buildings and the grand hotels.

From Tower Bridge the men whose eyes are washed-out blue sucked their short pipes and watched them swing out past a large Indian in the act of berthing.

And as a moon rose over Rotherhithe and touched the swiftly moving water to silver, the tug slid softly into the shadows of a dilapidated wharf below The Tunnel...

# We're still paying for Trafalgar

## Says Peter Quare

IT'S going to take us a long time, after it's over, to pay for this war. We haven't finished paying for the last war yet. Nor other wars before that. Not even the Battle of Trafalgar.

Nobody will quibble with the increases in last-war pensions, for the widows and dependants of the 1914-18 period deserve most generous treatment.

But until a few years ago we were paying annuities to the descendants of heroes of battles in the year 1780!—though the glory of these old battles has long since faded and their stories are told only in school history.

Until 1923 Lord Rodney was in receipt of a £2,000 perpetual annuity because his distant ancestor, Admiral Rodney, had annihilated the French Navy off Cape St. Vincent in 1780.

Admiral Rodney's action was valiant, but it is hard to believe that he ever intended the nation to pay an annuity of £2,000 for over 150 years just because of this one battle.

This annuity was commuted to £42,000, and proved not only a saving to the nation, but a benefit to the Rodney heirs.

For Nelson's epic feat at Trafalgar we are still paying the hereditary holder of the earldom £5,000 a year, and a mansion and estate of 80 acres at Downton, six miles from Salisbury, was put, rent free, at the disposal of Nelson's heirs.

Nobody would quibble at the grant of £120,000 paid to the Nelson family after the Battle of Trafalgar, nor would they at the £90,000 used to purchase the large red brick mansion

and its acres of rolling wooded parkland.

The present recipient is the first to grumble at the perpetual pension of £5,000. After taxation this is less than £3,400, and is not really enough to keep up the estate. Yet because of this burden on the Nelson heirs, not one acre of the estate can be sold, nor can the mansion be sub-let as flats!

Large payments are made to dependants of many other military and naval heroes.

Through the Civil List we also hand out sums of money to the dependants of civilians who have done, in their day, notable deeds. These sums are in most cases unfortunately small, but their aggregate sum distributed annually is now over £30,000.

Cabinet Ministers with high portfolios are entitled to pensions of £2,000 a year, despite the fact that for many years they draw a large salary at the nation's expense. Very few Cabinet Ministers have taken advantage of this, however, and no pension has been claimed since April, 1924.

Previously, "Second Class" pensions of £1,200 a year had been granted to Earl Balfour and Lord Gainford. Large salaries, up to £4,000, are also paid to ex-Speakers of the House of Commons, and for a long time Viscount Ullswater, who resigned the Speakership in 1921, drew his £4,000-a-year pension.

Small sums are paid every year to many hundreds of de-

# More Words

... to fit the tunes you know. Music sheets of both words and music are being sent to various centres for distribution.

## LOVE ISN'T BORN (It's Made).

(Words by Frank Loesser; music by Arthur Schwartz. From the film "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Music of all music dealers and of the copyright owners, B. Feldman and Co., 125-7-9 Shaftesbury-ave., W.C.2.)

Oh, my precious young dove, If you're dreaming of love, You've got to join in the chase yourself, And here's my story, so brace yourself:

Refrain.

Love isn't Born on a beautiful April morn,  
Love isn't Born, it's made,  
And that's why ev'ry window has a window shade.  
Love can't do much for a couple who don't quite touch,  
Love can't advance by chance,  
And that's why folks who never cared for dancing, dance.

So, my precious young dove, If you're waiting for love, Better make the most of your charms,

For the feeling won't start In the gentleman's heart Till you're in the gentleman's arms.

Love isn't Born, that's a fable to treat with scorn,  
Let's call a spade a spade,  
And don't keep crying "wolf" at ev'ry gay young blade,  
Remember, Love isn't Born, it's made.

## DON'T WORRY, BABY.

(Words and music by Joe Lubin, Johnny Franks and Stanley Hill; music of all music dealers and of the copyright owners, Noel Gay Music Co., Ltd., 24 Denmark-street, London, W.C.2.)

There were two lovers In a happy land,  
Always together,  
Always hand in hand.  
Then came the parting,  
She looked up and sighed,  
He put both his arms round her,  
Tenderly he cried:

Chorus:

Don't Worry, Baby,  
Don't get feeling blue;  
Don't Worry, Baby,  
I belong to you.  
Don't cry, my honey,  
Ev'rything's O-Kay;  
Wear a great big smile, Baby,  
I'll be back some day.

If you get lonely,  
Hold my picture near,  
Dream of me only,  
'Cos I love you, dear.  
Try to remember,  
When my job is through,  
You'll be in my arms, Baby,  
I belong to you.

Days may be dreary,  
Things may seem all wrong,  
Nights may be weary,  
That won't be for long.  
Spring follows Winter,  
Sunshine follows rain,  
So you ought to know, Baby,  
I'll be back again.

people. In some cases these pensions are well deserved.

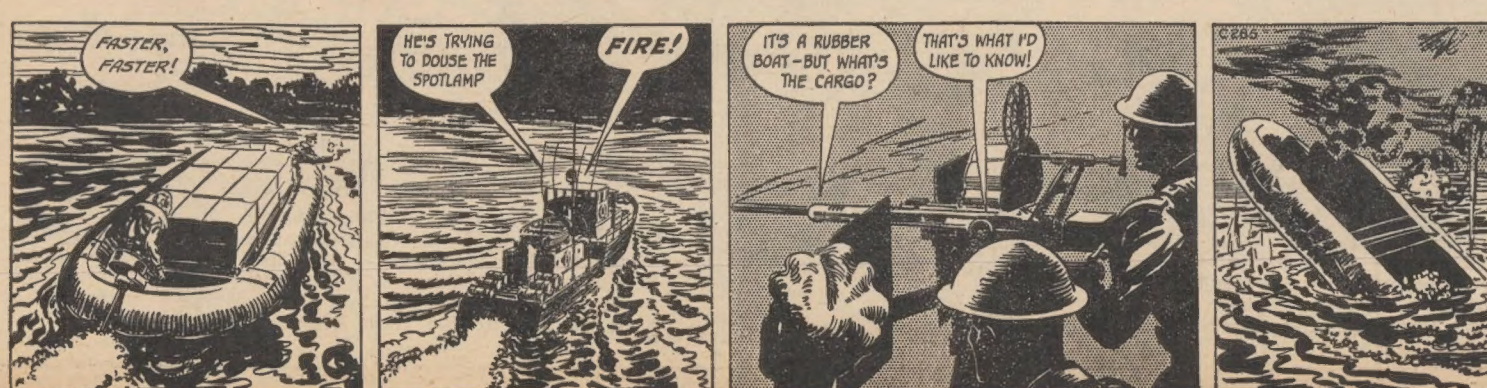
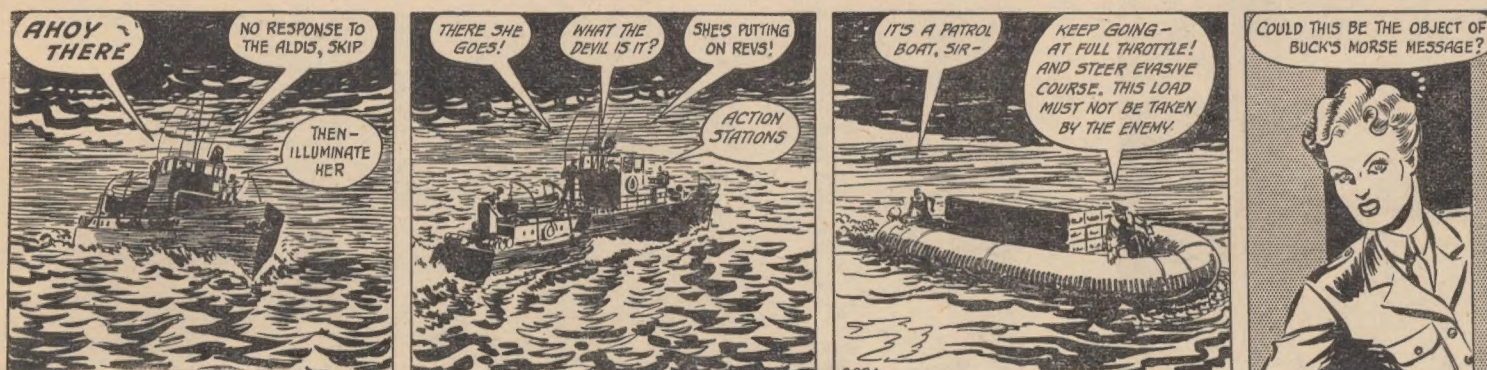
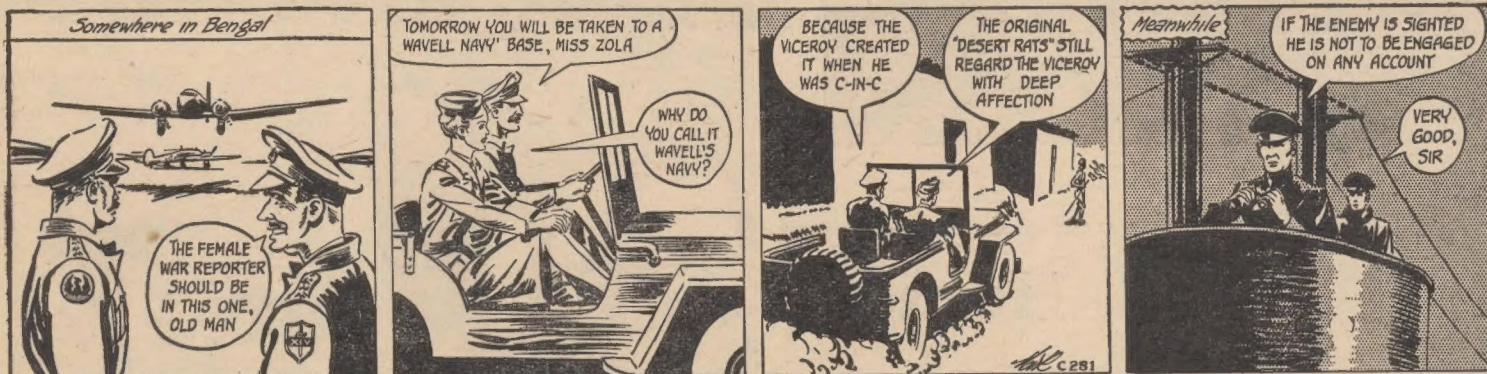
To-day, four granddaughters of Charles Dickens are drawing £25 a year each from the nation's coffers.

A yearly pension of £125 was paid to Dr. Fournier D'Albe, the pioneer of television and the inventor of the instrument which translates printed letters into sound, so enabling the blind to read by hearing. This is certainly a deserving case.

It is time we investigated some of these century-old payments to descendants of famous grandfathers!



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

FREQUENTLY in this column I have commented on the popularity of commemoratives and other short-lived issues, and on the attitude of the English Post Office towards them. In a paper read before the Tasmanian Philatelic Society, and printed in the "Austrian Stamp Monthly," Mr. A. M. Leitch has some interesting observations to make.

"The country which first produced the adhesive postage stamp, as we know it today," he says, "is easily the most conservative in the issuing of commemorative stamps. I refer to England. The commemoratives issued by this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand. England has never issued one pictorial-commemorative or otherwise, unless we consider as such the Goddess in the chariot, which appeared on some of the higher values."

"Now, British children are just as keen collectors as those in any other country. Their albums are full of commemoratives from all over the world, telling them of all the significant events in the history of those countries. Probably many young British stamp collectors know more about the Panama Canal than they do about the Manchester Ship Canal, or other engineering feats of their own country. Or, perhaps, more about the first printing press in America in 1639 than they know concerning the first printing press in England in 1476, sixteen years before Columbus set sail on his voyage of discovery."

"Perhaps the British postal authorities consider that they have no need to remind the world about the great events in British history, they are so well known that they speak for themselves; but they should remember that the power of propaganda is very great. When the British Post Office brings out a pictorial commemorative, in the words of the well-known colloquialism, 'That'll be the day.'"

"In my humble opinion, the British Government is too modest and conservative, and this reluctance to blow their own trumpet gives ill-natured national leaders, such as Hitler, the opportunity to tell their own ill-informed countrymen about English decadence and all sorts of lies and distortions concerning English history and national character."

"Apparently, each generation has to be forcibly taught that Britain is too great for them and that the propaganda of their leaders has been false."

"Now, here is a suggestion to save all this trouble. The British Post Office should issue (concurrently with the ordinary issue) a series of commemoratives depicting the great events of British history which have had a significant effect on the development of humanity and civilisation over the last thousand years—say, Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, whose achievements have been almost forgotten."

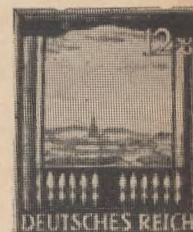
"Magna Charta," that great charter of national freedom—what a subject! Or William Shakespeare!

"Now, my suggestion is that these commemoratives should be issued for general use, so that the young stamp collectors and the general public will realise what a really great country England is, and they will act as a counter to the malicious propaganda of dictators. These young collectors and the general public in other countries would not be very interested in the portrait of a foreign king, but would be deeply impressed by stamps such as I have described."

"If the British Government did take up this idea (and I pass it on free of charge), I venture to say that it would be SOME issue, as the British are nothing if not capable and thorough."

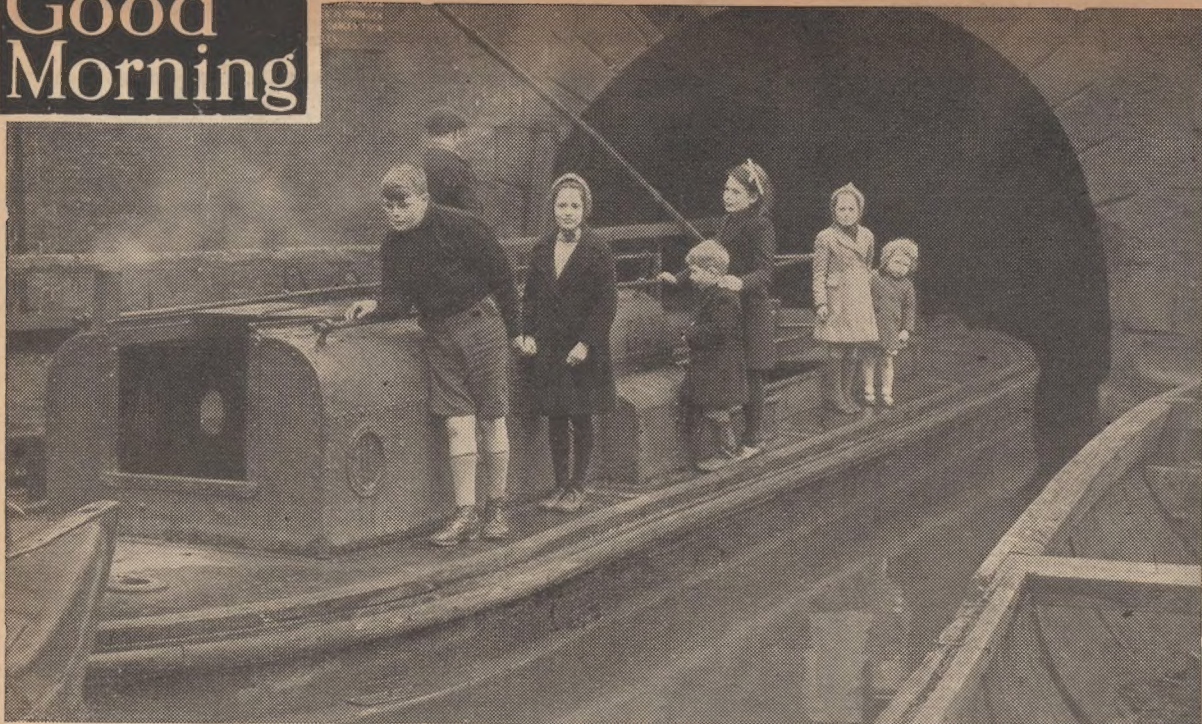
The Argentine stamp reproduced here commemorates the first anniversary of the June 4, 1943, Revolution. The two German stamps were issued in the third year of the war, but I have only just acquired copies.

A series of Finnish stamps has just come to light which was issued several years ago for use by the military administration in Eastern Karelia, which Finland seized from the U.S.S.R. during the war then in progress. The present war has put Karelia back into Russian possession. The stamps are Finland's 1941-42 group, with portrait of President Risto Ryti, overprinted "Itä-Karjala Sot. hallinto" in two black lines. Six values are overprinted.





# Good Morning



## THE POTTERIES

Children at Harecastle board the "Water-tram" (tug driven by means of overhead electric cables) at the entrance to the canal tunnel. Their mothers firmly believe that the tunnel air is good for children suffering from whooping cough.



## WOODFORD

Following in her namesake's footsteps, N.F.S. Group Officer Phyllis Hammond scores freely against W.A.A.F. XI.



## Home Town Pictures

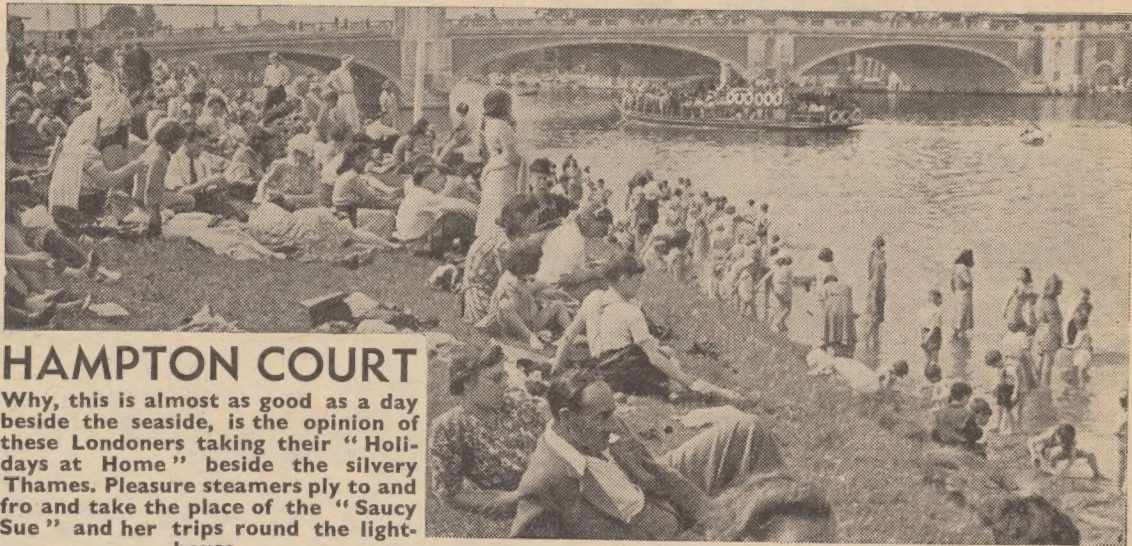


## KENT

This is much better than London just now, thinks this happy mother with her two children in the Kentish hop-fields. And what do the children think about it? Why, they think bath-day in the warm sunshine is a bit of orl right! This photo, was taken on the Whitbreads' hop farm at Paddock Wood.

## HAMPTON COURT

Why, this is almost as good as a day beside the seaside, is the opinion of these Londoners taking their "Holidays at Home" beside the silvery Thames. Pleasure steamers ply to and fro and take the place of the "Saucy Sue" and her trips round the light-house.



## NEWCASTLE

Trust the Navy to make itself comfortable! In Eldon Square, in the heart of the City, these boys on leave sunbathe as luxuriously as though they were on a Riviera beach.



## MAIDSTONE

"Faith," a fine Nubian, loves "playing the giddy goat" with her keeper at the Maidstone Zoo. She never tires of charging, but always pulls up just at the right moment. The big "show-off!"